



LITERARY.

From Friendship's Offering for 1839.

A LONDON LYRIC.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain
Without—tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbing alone her grief, her pain;
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But hunger, her friend, with his cold gaunt hand,
Grasps her throat—whispering huskily,
'What dost thou in a Christian land?'

(WITHIN.)
The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl within;
Slaves are waiting in crimson and gold—
Waiting the word of a child of sin.
The crackling wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its heaved brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
'Happiness—' honor—and all for him!

(WITHOUT.)
She who is slain 'neath the water weather—
Ah! she once had a village name,
Lured to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame.
Now her silks are the tattered shawl,
Prodigal's curses—self disdain,
Poverty—misery—Well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain.

The harlot's face was her doom to-day,
Disdain—despair; for to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the poverty's pall;
And so she'll be a human sigh,
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and its 'twice 'er,
So let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(WITHIN.)
He who you fondly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the tramping town.
Liar—betrayer—false as cruel—
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn—high dames, they shun him!
—Unbar your palace, and gaze within!

There—yet deeds are all trumpet sounded,
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters,
Men of high honor salute him 'friend';
Skies! Oh, where are your cleansing waters?
World! Oh, where do thy wonders end?

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

[Written at the age of twelve years.]
Bend down from thy chariot, oh! beautiful spring;
Unfold like a standard, thy radiant wing;
And beauty and joy in thy rosy path bring!
We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love!
We watch for thy smile in the pure sky above!
And we sigh for the hour when the wood birds shall
Sing.

And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful spring!
How the lone heart will bound, when thy presence
Draws near,
As if borne from this world, to some lovelier sphere!
How the fond soul to meet thee, in rapture shall rise,
When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the
skies—

Oh! send thy soft breath on the icy bound stream!
'Twill vanish—'twill melt like the forms in a dream—
Released from the chain, like a child in its glee,
'Twill flow on, unbounded, unfettered and free!
'Twill leap on in joy, like a bird on the wing,
And hail the sweet music, oh, beautiful spring!

But tread with thy foot, on the snow covered plain,
And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train!
But whisper one word with thy seraphic voice,
And nature and earth shall rejoice! shall rejoice!
Oh spring!—lovely goddess! what form can compare
With thine so resplendent, so glowing, so fair!

What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye,
From whose glance the dark spirit of winter doth fly?
A garland of roses is twined round thy brow—
Thy cheek with the pale blush of evening doth glow—
A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,
And the light-winged zephyrus plays round thy head.

Oh! could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing,
And rest ever beside thee, Spring! beautiful Spring!
While the thought of thy beauty inspires my brain,
I shrink from the terror of cold winter's reign—
Mechanics I behold thee—hither thy soft voice—
And in fulness of heart, I rejoice! I rejoice!

But the cold wind is meaning, the drear snow doth fall,
And nought but the shrieking blast echoes my call.
Oh! heed the frail offering an infant can bring!
Oh! grant my petition, Spring! beautiful Spring!
New-York, 1833.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend!'

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE
PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest—
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, and dust thou returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destin'd end or way;
But to act, that to-morrow
Find us farther to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not dumb, dear country!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the glorious Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sand of time.

Footsteps, that, perhaps, a thousand
Years hence, o'er the life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

WINTER SONNET—MIDNIGHT.

Voices as the dim visions of a dream,
From leafless forest and from ice-bound stream,
No more the winds their gentle moan bear,
The white clouds float in yonder cold blue sky,
Pure as the snow, that o'er the frozen plain
Glitters beneath the Moon, and bears no stain
Upon its vestal cheek. Oh! if thy eye
Looks with delight upon a nobler scene,
Than Autumn's tinted woods, or Summer's green,
Come forth at this still, solemn, midnight hour,
And read a lesson of eternal power,
And how thy soul to Him whose timeless hand
Hangs the proud arch on high, beneath whose light we stand.

NON-RESISTANCE.

LETTER FROM MRS. BOYLE.

In our last number, we inserted a very interesting letter from our beloved friend JAMES BOYLE, of Cincinnati. The following letter from his wife evinces a spirit like his own—strong, enfranchised, and fearless. She will pardon us for the liberty we take in publishing it.—Ed.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, March 4th, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON:
I expected to have occupied a page in my husband's letter; but, as his is full, and very lengthy, I have decided to communicate to you in a separate sheet, what I have long desired but as long suppressed, because of the multiplicity of cares and labors that necessarily devolve upon you as an editor.

Lord for the abundant evidence I have in your preface to my husband's first letter, of your standing and steadfastness in the immutable truths of that kingdom which counsels with observation, or outward show. Also in your valuable lines on *Christian Rest*, and many other thrilling articles I have seen, and continue to see, from your pen. We have learned, also, of your many sufferings and wrestlings against principalities, powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places. Dear brother, I think I am prepared, in some small degree, by experience, to sympathize with you and your dear wife, in the many and severe trials to which you have been subjected. These are the natural results of your present position—standing as you do in the midst of an anti-Christian world, arrayed against truth and human emancipation. Though the storm may rage, the dark waves roll and dash upon you, fear no evil; though this be peculiarly an evil time. We have received a kingdom that cannot be moved; and I cannot but rejoice that you are made to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free. If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him. 'So I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.'

If we are tried, we count the trial of our faith more precious than gold! The Lord knoweth the way that we take, because he directeth our steps; and when we are tried, we shall come forth as gold.

Six years I have been a constant reader of the Liberator; and I can truly say, I have freely responded to the sentiments therein contained—and never, for once, have I been offended with its language or plain dealing; but each successive week it is to me a most valuable feast. When I commenced the perusal of its columns, I was comparatively ignorant of the system of slavery as it exists at the South, and of the deep-rooted prejudice of the North, and of my own heart also. But, by the light reflected from its pages, I saw myself as in a glass, and came to the conclusion, that, in my case, there must be a thorough revolution on these points. And from that day to this, the conviction has continued to increase, that it is utterly impossible for the spirit of slavery, its advocacy, or indifference towards it, to dwell in the heart at the same time with Christ and the Holy Spirit. How strangely absurd to think that any can so misunderstand the true spirit of heaven, as for a moment to believe that they are made partakers of the divine nature, and temples of the Holy Ghost, and still make merchandise of and barter away the same divine nature and temple in the person of others.

A few weeks since, one of the clergymen of the Presbyterian church in this city, made special efforts for a revival of religion, by means of a protracted meeting; during which time another clergyman, of the same order, desired to know his views on the subject of slavery. His reply was, that he was a prospective heir to slaves, and that he was not now prepared to say that he should liberate them when he came in possession of them. Oh, incorrigible hypocrisy! Calling upon God to wash away their sins, answer their prayers, and build up their Zion—a Zion founded on iniquity, and cemented with blood! Truly the Lord hath said, 'When you spread forth your hands, and make many prayers, I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood!'

I cannot tell you how deeply interested I have been in the late questions that have agitated the East. For instance, the rights of women. Why do we not have more from the able pen of SARAH M. GRIMKE? I have regarded her as the pioneer on this important question, and hoped that she would not abandon the subject, until she had presented it on all sides, and in all its parts, and shown the women of this country and the world their criminal neglect of themselves, of their daughters, and the rising generation. I had hoped that, by her efforts and influence, sustained by the *dear women of Boston* especially, woman would have been made extensively to acknowledge her true nature, and take her appropriate place, almost universally unknown since the fall of Eve. I have too high an esteem for her moral courage to believe that she will be deterred from this important work by ridicule or obloquy.

When the Declaration of Sentiments of the Non-Resistance Society came to hand, we were inexpressibly grateful, and hailed it as the star in the East, which would show not only that the Saviour is born, but that he dwells in his people. At first, I was half inclined to send you my name, and become a member of your Society. Four years ago, the Lord delivered my spirit from all sects, parties, and societies, of whatever name or object; and I have not since recognized myself accountable to any but my heavenly Father, who alone I acknowledge Master and Leader, and to whom I look for objects of benevolence and charity.

We have received two numbers of the Non-Resistant, laden with the treasures of divine truth. And now let all the enemies of God, of whatever name, oppose these heaven-derived principles can no more be destroyed than God himself.

Since writing the above, I have received the third number of the Non-Resistant, in which I find the Executive Committee's letter to H. C. Wright, and Mrs. M. W. Chapman's remarks with regard to the objects of the Non-Resistance Society, which have thrown light upon my mind, and perfectly satisfied me on all points; and as I have already said, that I have evidence enough of our oneness of spirit, so I cordially give you my name as a member of the Non-Resistance Society.

Yours forever in the spirit of true holiness and peace,
LAURA P. BOYLE.

LETTER ON NON-RESISTANCE.

My BROTHER:
The following is from one whose heart and life have long been disciplined in the school of Non-Resistance. The writer sees no lions in the way; no visions of lawless riot, anarchy and bloodshed, arise; no terrors about 'no government,' 'Jacobinism,' and 'wild uproar.' Such frightful visions can visit only those minds that are conscious of a want of that 'love which casts out fear.' Those who walk by faith, who trust in the Lord, and are hid from the wrath and violence of man in the secret of his pavilion, feel that the dangers that beset our course on earth are diminished as the principle of non-resistance spreads and triumphs.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th Month, 21st, 1839.

Well, my dear brother, I think by this thou must have set up thine Ebenezer, and acknowledged, with humble gratitude, 'Hitherto the Lord has helped me.' You have had your Convention, and issued your Declaration of Sentiments. I could hardly have supposed there were thirty persons in New England ready to join such a society as has been organized—ready to put their names to such a document as your Declaration of Sentiments. You have, indeed, taken high ground—a bold stand! But, as far as I can discover, the Declaration breathes the spirit of the gospel in relation to peace; and all who really act out the principle must be imbued with the same spirit—must be Christians, not in word but in deed. This is what is wanting—

'Confession to the best of conscience
Is but an empty name,
Unless with corresponding deeds
Our lives its worth proclaim.'

I like the name you have chosen to designate the society, as the term *peace*, though a beautiful one, 'has become equivocal by usage.' But why call it the *Non-Resistance*, instead of the *American Non-Resistance Society*? For you do not mean to confine your operations nor your influence to New England. Some

friends of the cause here, with whom I have conversed, are hardly prepared to go so far as to say—'We love the land of our nativity, only as we love all other lands.' They are not satisfied that it is wrong to have a preference, if it does not exclude others from a share of our love. I have not heard this objection to the association. Our country is the world, our countrymen all mankind; and the other seems only a fuller expression of the same sentiment.

An objection, too, has been made to the assertion, 'We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government,' on the ground that it was unnecessary to state, in so many words, this startling truth, as it would be perceived by an attentive reader of the Declaration without it; and as it was retained, if the word 'existing' had been inserted, so as to qualify it, (existing human government,) it would have given more satisfaction to some.

These are the only items I have heard objected to in the Declaration, by those who were at all favorable to it, and they were the only points on which I hesitated and paused at in reading it. But, after all, I think the Declaration will be regarded as far more noble and elevated than the Anti-Slavery Declaration of Sentiments, though now it may be but little thought of for the anti-slavery cause, at present, seems to claim the attention and excite the interest of persons here more than that of peace.

If we had here to present its claims, we know not what good might be done; but I hope we shall feel indirectly the benefit of thy labors in New England. It is well thou art prepared to meet the war usually given by the people to those who are laboring disinterestedly for the good of their fellow men; but with an approving conscience, faith in the divine origin of the principles advocated, and a sustaining hope and faith in their ultimate triumph, thou canst meet it with calmness. Though peace men, you will now have to gird on the armor for the battle; and I think your motto might appropriately be, 'Not by might, nor by power.' You must be strong, and of good courage; and having put your hands to the work, not look back.

I think the cause of woman progressing in New England. Your society has given evidence that they believe in the doctrine of their perfect equality. This I am not surprised to see; for I knew that there were among you some strenuous advocates for the right. My best wishes attend thee.

H. C. WRIGHT.

A GOOD TESTIMONY.

The following is an extract from a letter of one of our most distinguished authorities—one whose head and heart are filled with whatever adorns and dignifies humanity—one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the slave, having suffered in the holy cause of abolition what few have suffered in this country. May her faith in God be undimmed; her confidence in truth, unbounded; her footsteps firm and fearless, and her path one of light and joy, in every hour of trial!

'I wanted to be at the Peace Convention, (of Sept. 18, 1838,) very much. I think an occasion can never again occur, that can tempt me so much. I wanted to go for my own edification and instruction—not because I thought I could do the least good by being there. Up to a certain point, my perceptions are clear, and my convictions strong, on this subject. I follow the straight road, till I see the no-government question in the distance dimly, like men as trees walking; and there I stop. It brings the old problem, that has puzzled eighteen hundred years—can individuals, living in the midst of a wicked world, conduct precisely as they would, if Christ's kingdom had really and universally come, and earth was made a heaven? The conviction returns upon me, and daily gains strength, that if but one human being earnestly and perseveringly sought to reach perfect holiness, the emanation from him would purify the world. There is overwhelming solemnity in this thought of individual responsibility. The Peace Convention, little as will be thought of it at present, is unquestionably the greatest event in the 19th century. Posterity will marvel at the early adoption of such transcendent principles, looking down on all the wider as well as narrower forms of human selfishness; and perceiving so clearly that, under no disguise, can they ever be admitted to Christ's kingdom.'

Oh, my heart is more in earnest than thou thinkst. The parents anger me, who are soul-breakers; the daughters sadden me, who are made slave-agencies. Ah, it is wonderful that these, who in their West-Indian market-place, must dance, laugh, speak, sing, till some lord of a plantation take them home with him; that these, I say, should be as slavishly treated, as they are sold and bought? Ye poor lambs! And yet ye, too, are as bad as your sale-masters and sale-fairers. What is one to do with his enthusiasm for your sex, when one travels through German towns, where every heaviest-purled individual (were he second cousin to the Devil himself) can point with his finger to thirty houses, and say: 'I know not, shall be to the pearl-colored, or the nut-brown, or the steel-green house, that I wed? Open to customers are they all! How, my girls, is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any cravat? And does it wax or shrink then, like a Chinese ball to fit itself into the marriage ring-case of any male heart whatever?—Well! it must, unless we will sit at home, and grow old maids; answer they? I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same old maid in these words: 'Forsaken, but patient one! mistaken and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hast hope of better than the present; and repeat the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honor, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadorned heroine! In thy last hour, when all life and the by-gone possessions and scaffolds of life shall crumble to pieces, ready to fall down; in that hour thou wilt look back on thy unattained life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dust, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, benignant Figure, God-like, and mounting to the God-like, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her—mount thou with her; the Figure is thy Virtue.'

Who, in this country, has not heard of the scourging of AMOS DRESSER, in Nashville, Tennessee, by an infuriated mob of pious and profane slaveholders, because he was suspected of being an abolitionist—i. e. of being religiously opposed to slavery? Here is a letter from this dear sufferer in the cause of bleeding humanity, the perusal of which (and also of that which accompanies it) will delight all those who belong to the kingdom which is not of this world, and who are the real disciples of the Prince of Peace. How beautifully is the spirit of Jesus exemplified by our brother Dresser! Though he has been inhumanly treated, contrary to the laws of his country, and the dictates of reason, yet he does not desire the punishment of his enemies—O no! Nor does he seek or demand any physical protection, in time to come: he utterly discards it. We trust he will be instrumental in effecting a great peaceful revolution in the Oberlin Institute, with which he is connected.—

GRANBY, LICKING Co., Ohio, Feb. 1839.
DEAR BRO. GARRISON:
Our brother Dresser has presented me a few numbers of the Liberator. I rejoice in the Lord that it advocates the principles set forth in the Declaration of Sentiments of the New England Non-Resistance Society. I believe them to be gospel principles—that they must prevail. I had been led, as I thought, by the study of the blessed Book of God to adopt them as the gospel, and was spreading them before my dear brethren and sisters of the church, when, behold! as the Lord would have it, a notice of the Non-Resistance Society came to hand. I was filled with gladness. Praise the Lord! May the Lord bless the members of the Society with the meekness and the love of Christ; yes, may he bless your enemies with the same spirit, and lead you into all truth.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,
ISRAEL MATTISON.
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

My DEAR BROTHER:
The above was written by a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, whom the Lord has placed over or among a little church in Granby. In all my travels, I do not know as I have found a man who so heartily, fully and practically embraces all the gospel, and takes it as his rule of action, day by day, as bro. Israel Mattison. My soul has held sweet counsel with that brother the past winter. Most of his little flock go with him, heart and hand. I wish you would send him what documents you have for gratuitous distribution, as well as consider him a subscriber to the Non-Resistant.

There is another little church, with whom I have labored some the winter past, most of whom come fully into the peace principles of the 'ultra stamp;' and feeling themselves safe in the fold of Christ, they cannot see what they have to do in protecting the wolves without; and belonging to the kingdom of Christ, and having their names written upon the stone cut out of the mountain, they cannot imagine how it is that they have ever considered themselves called upon to uphold those kingdoms which this stone is destined to break in pieces and destroy.

I occasionally found one in other places, who drank in these principles as water—yes, paneth for them as the heart paneth after the water brooks. My soul loves to dwell upon them; and just in proportion as I live near to Christ, and drink in his spirit, do I find my soul refreshed by those principles. You will please direct a copy of the Non-Resistant to me. I should like also the proceedings of the Convention, and whatever other documents you may think best calculated to convince and convert.

In haste, I am, in the gospel of Peace,
Your brother,
AMOS DRESSER.
P. S. I have just been appointed to discuss the ul-

tra peace question before the Society of Inquiry, in this place. The meeting is to be held the last Wednesday in this month. I should like very much to have you send on what documents you think would be of immediate service to me. There are a number here in an inquiring state of mind. But I know of scarcely another than myself who fully embraces the 'ultra peace' principles.

MASSACHUSETTS PEACE SOCIETY.

A public meeting of the Massachusetts Peace Society was held at the Marlboro' Chapel, on Tuesday evening the 12th ult. and again by adjournment, on Monday the 18th, to express its sentiments on War, and on the present dispute respecting the N. E. Boundary.

The following Resolutions were offered, and unanimously adopted.
1. Resolved, That War is contrary both to the design, and to the spirit of Christianity.
2. Resolved, That modern civilization is opposed to War, as in other respects, so particularly as it tends to establish just ideas of national interests and honor.
3. Resolved, That the situation and institutions of the United States make it peculiarly their duty to maintain peace with other nations.

4. Resolved, That the subject of controversy now pending between Great Britain and the United States, should be referred to a resort to arms.
5. Resolved, That it is the duty of Christians to do all in their power to secure an amicable settlement of the question involved in this controversy, and to prevent the occurrence of War.

The meetings were addressed by the vice-president, Bradford Sumner, Esq. and by Rev. Mr. Beckwith, Rev. Mr. Gannett, Amasa Walker, Esq. Rev. Mr. Barton, James Savage, Esq. Alden Bradford, Esq. Rev. Dr. Ware, Jr. and Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and it was voted that the Resolutions should be printed.

J. P. BLANCHARD, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAUGHTER-FULL HOUSE.

From the German of Richter.

As a natural philosopher, I have many times admired the wise methods of Nature for distributing daughters and plants. Is it not a fine arrangement that Nature should have bestowed specially on young women, who for their growth require a rich mineralogical soil, some sort of *hooking* apparatus, whereby to stick themselves on miserable marriage-cake, that they may carry them to fat places? Thus Linnaeus observes that such seeds as can flourish only in fat earth are furnished with barbs, and so fasten themselves on grazing quadrupeds, which transport them to stalls and dunghills. Strangely does Nature, by the wind, (which father and mother must raise) scatter daughters and far-seeds into the arable spots of the forest. Who does not remark the final cause here, and how Nature has equipped many a daughter with such and such charms, simply that some Peer, some mitred Abbot, Cardinal, Deacon, appraised Prince, or mere country Baron, may lay hold of said charms, and by the character of father or bridegroom, hand her over ready-made to some gawk of the like sort, as a wife acquired by purchase? And do we find in biblieries a slighter attention on the part of nature? Does not the same Linnaeus notice that they too are eased in a nutritive juice to incite the fox to eat them; after which, the villain (digest them he cannot) in such sort as he may, becomes their sower?

Oh, my heart is more in earnest than thou thinkst. The parents anger me, who are soul-breakers; the daughters sadden me, who are made slave-agencies. Ah, it is wonderful that these, who in their West-Indian market-place, must dance, laugh, speak, sing, till some lord of a plantation take them home with him; that these, I say, should be as slavishly treated, as they are sold and bought? Ye poor lambs! And yet ye, too, are as bad as your sale-masters and sale-fairers. What is one to do with his enthusiasm for your sex, when one travels through German towns, where every heaviest-purled individual (were he second cousin to the Devil himself) can point with his finger to thirty houses, and say: 'I know not, shall be to the pearl-colored, or the nut-brown, or the steel-green house, that I wed? Open to customers are they all! How, my girls, is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any cravat? And does it wax or shrink then, like a Chinese ball to fit itself into the marriage ring-case of any male heart whatever?—Well! it must, unless we will sit at home, and grow old maids; answer they? I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same old maid in these words: 'Forsaken, but patient one! mistaken and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hast hope of better than the present; and repeat the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honor, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadorned heroine! In thy last hour, when all life and the by-gone possessions and scaffolds of life shall crumble to pieces, ready to fall down; in that hour thou wilt look back on thy unattained life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dust, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, benignant Figure, God-like, and mounting to the God-like, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her—mount thou with her; the Figure is thy Virtue.'

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The above was written by a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, whom the Lord has placed over or among a little church in Granby. In all my travels, I do not know as I have found a man who so heartily, fully and practically embraces all the gospel, and takes it as his rule of action, day by day, as bro. Israel Mattison. My soul has held sweet counsel with that brother the past winter. Most of his little flock go with him, heart and hand. I wish you would send him what documents you have for gratuitous distribution, as well as consider him a subscriber to the Non-Resistant.

There is another little church, with whom I have labored some the winter past, most of whom come fully into the peace principles of the 'ultra stamp;' and feeling themselves safe in the fold of Christ, they cannot see what they have to do in protecting the wolves without; and belonging to the kingdom of Christ, and having their names written upon the stone cut out of the mountain, they cannot imagine how it is that they have ever considered themselves called upon to uphold those kingdoms which this stone is destined to break in pieces and destroy.

I occasionally found one in other places, who drank in these principles as water—yes, paneth for them as the heart paneth after the water brooks. My soul loves to dwell upon them; and just in proportion as I live near to Christ, and drink in his spirit, do I find my soul refreshed by those principles. You will please direct a copy of the Non-Resistant to me. I should like also the proceedings of the Convention, and whatever other documents you may think best calculated to convince and convert.

In haste, I am, in the gospel of Peace,
Your brother,
AMOS DRESSER.
P. S. I have just been appointed to discuss the ul-

tra peace question before the Society of Inquiry, in this place. The meeting is to be held the last Wednesday in this month. I should like very much to have you send on what documents you think would be of immediate service to me. There are a number here in an inquiring state of mind. But I know of scarcely another than myself who fully embraces the 'ultra peace' principles.

MASSACHUSETTS PEACE SOCIETY.

A public meeting of the Massachusetts Peace Society was held at the Marlboro' Chapel, on Tuesday evening the 12th ult. and again by adjournment, on Monday the 18th, to express its sentiments on War, and on the present dispute respecting the N. E. Boundary.

The following Resolutions were offered, and unanimously adopted.
1. Resolved, That War is contrary both to the design, and to the spirit of Christianity.
2. Resolved, That modern civilization is opposed to War, as in other respects, so particularly as it tends to establish just ideas of national interests and honor.
3. Resolved, That the situation and institutions of the United States make it peculiarly their duty to maintain peace with other nations.

4. Resolved, That the subject of controversy now pending between Great Britain and the United States, should be referred to a resort to arms.
5. Resolved, That it is the duty of Christians to do all in their power to secure an amicable settlement of the question involved in this controversy, and to prevent the occurrence of War.

The meetings were addressed by the vice-president, Bradford Sumner, Esq. and by Rev. Mr. Beckwith, Rev. Mr. Gannett, Amasa Walker, Esq. Rev. Mr. Barton, James Savage, Esq. Alden Bradford, Esq. Rev. Dr. Ware, Jr. and Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and it was voted that the Resolutions should be printed.

J. P. BLANCHARD, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAUGHTER-FULL HOUSE.

From the German of Richter.

As a natural philosopher, I have many times admired the wise methods of Nature for distributing daughters and plants. Is it not a fine arrangement that Nature should have bestowed specially on young women, who for their growth require a rich mineralogical soil, some sort of *hooking* apparatus, whereby to stick themselves on miserable marriage-cake, that they may carry them to fat places? Thus Linnaeus observes that such seeds as can flourish only in fat earth are furnished with barbs, and so fasten themselves on grazing quadrupeds, which transport them to stalls and dunghills. Strangely does Nature, by the wind, (which father and mother must raise) scatter daughters and far-seeds into the arable spots of the forest. Who does not remark the final cause here, and how Nature has equipped many a daughter with such and such charms, simply that some Peer, some mitred Abbot, Cardinal, Deacon, appraised Prince, or mere country Baron, may lay hold of said charms, and by the character of father or bridegroom, hand her over ready-made to some gawk of the like sort, as a wife acquired by purchase? And do we find in biblieries a slighter attention on the part of nature? Does not the same Linnaeus notice that they too are eased in a nutritive juice to incite the fox to eat them; after which, the villain (digest them he cannot) in such sort as he may, becomes their sower?

Oh, my heart is more in earnest than thou thinkst. The parents anger me, who are soul-breakers; the daughters sadden me, who are made slave-agencies. Ah, it is wonderful that these, who in their West-Indian market-place, must dance, laugh, speak, sing, till some lord of a plantation take them home with him; that these, I say, should be as slavishly treated, as